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ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

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DIRECTORY.

National and State Directory.

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THE NEWSPAPER.

The latest news from Rome brings intelligence that Pope Leo XIII has recommended to the catholic clergy the editing and publication of journals in aid of the maintenance of christianity. No higher compliment was ever paid to the press in Italy. Long ago the clergy of other countries discovered what assistance a periodical might be made to render their work. Of all the acts, up to this time, the Catholic church alone has renounced by its hands the papers issued in its interest. "Why," asks the Catholic Pontiff, "are Catholic newspapers, generally speaking, inefficient, and so seldom self-supporting?" His aim evidently is to make them both efficient and self-sustaining and, in accomplishing this, he cannot do better than pattern after the newspapers of this country. If he can get good editors from among his priests, so much the better. It would be the best possible means of making congregations and their instructors what they ought to be; but this will be a difficult, if not an impossible task, as long as the papers of the church shall be confined to the narrow limits of either sectarianism or fanaticism. The American newspaper is not gotten up for the highly enlightened few, but for the moderately educated many. It is designed to be brief and attractive rather than lengthy and exhaustive, and its chief aim is to meet the expectations and needs of its patrons. It is seldom in strict accord with the notions of particular schools or parties; never ultra, and generally guided by the dictates of common sense. No other agency has accomplished so much good, and few have done as little harm. The newspaper, when wisely conducted, has great advantage over other educators. Its illustrations are furnished by current events. Unlike the pulpit, it is not tied up by professional views and can, therefore, deal spontaneously with all that affects society. A sermon is known to be a sermon, wherever it is encountered; no matter at what part of it a commencement is made, its character is easily ascertained. This is alike true, whether it be read or delivered without notes. There is a professional air about it. Usually, it is not prepared to be widely circulated or publicly criticised, and, as a general rule, it claims and receives the forbearance and protection that are accorded efforts that are designed to accomplish good. One of the reasons that the press out-rips the pulpit nowadays no doubt is, that the latter is too artificial. The newspaper is always natural. It is generally an offhand production, which sermons never are. It is without show of sanctity, or claim to scholarship, and free from the embarrassment of self-consciousness. Although the newspaper is not what it ought to be, nine-tenths of what is known is derived from it. It always furnishes food for thought, and renders popular deception impossible.

What kind of a man is it that wants a paper to support him for office when he don't subscribe or any of his family.

Naomi, the daughter of Enoch, was three hundred and eighty years old when she got married. Take courage, girls.

What is meant by "preferred" railroad stock is that which takes the cake. The other kind takes nothing but assessments.

The question of the day is not only "Are your windows open toward Jerusalem?" but, "Are they provided with fire-escapes?"

Whisky must go.—Ez.

What is the use of whisky going as long as so many people are anxious and ready to carry it?

"Who's to be shot at next?" asks a Boston paper. Let's see; who was shot at last? When it comes our turn we want to be out.

The sentence of eight years in the pen may seem a little hard on Mason at first, but it must be remembered that he missed Gautier.

Adele Elliott, supported by J. Harry Cook's Dramatic Company, is looked to appear at opera house on this city one week, commencing April 17.

The lady (?) and gentleman (?) who, as man and wife, have been trying to blackmail people in this part of the State might as well leave for parts unknown, or their names will appear in the LEDGER.

As the county political pot begins to boil it would be well to agitate the matter of holding a primary election or a nominating convention. We would like to hear from leading democrats on this matter.

Capt. John Reardon, an old soldier, and friend of George Peot, was in Mexico last week looking at property in Austin where he will, we trust, locate. He is a clever gentleman and would make a fine citizen.

Dr. Macfarlane, R. H. Fowler, J. M. Riley and other Masons attended the funeral of Gen. Sharp at Concord last week. Mr. Sharp was an old and honored citizen and was respected by a large circle of friends.

The A. R. King monument has been placed in position at the cemetery. It was an elegant piece of workmanship, and executed by A. K. Luckie. It is one of the most imposing stones in the city cemetery.

Our friend, W. F. Reed, as he attempted to cross the creek one day last week got stuck in the quicksand. We would have to have seen him as he waded around in the water up to his neck trying to pull his buggy out.

Good Shooting.

Joe Moore, H. Ricketts, C. O. Morris, Willard Carroll, James Salce and Mark Pilcher went out near Laddonia Tuesday, and killed 200 snipe and a lot of ducks. They had fine sport and good luck.

Wm. Hinz, of this city, has opened a mammoth branch furniture store at Central under the firm name of Seavers Bros. & Hinz. Hinz is a fine, reliable business man and will do a good business at Central as he is doing in Mexico.

Mrs. A. Tapscott, wife of A. W. Tapscott, died at Martinsburg last week. She had a host of friends by whom she was loved and respected. Capt. Tapscott has the sympathy of the whole community in his bereavement.

If we can't have rock roads let us have good dirt roads. We can have our roads in the spring, thrown up in the center—turnpike style—and good culverts put in at a very small expense. There is, in our opinion, no good excuse for such villainous roads as we have sometimes.

S. P. Emmons and James Pasquett are the two school directors whose terms expire at this time. The election takes place next Tuesday and we think, without doubt, that these two gentlemen will be re-elected. They are good men, and interested in school matters and make fine directors.

A Prof. Comman, of Marshall, Mo., writes to us that the newspapers are using his name for State Superintendent of Public Schools, but that he has no right to make. Until we have used his name in connection with his office we have no apologies to make. We fail to catch the drift of his letter. In the first place there was nothing in it but the letter.

From the Sedalia Democrat.

The Post-Dispatch is being lovingly quoted by the Republican organs for predicting that the re-districting of the State in the interest of the Democratic party would cost that party 20,000 in the popular vote. Nevertheless the Republican organs frantically protested against the call and against inflicting the grand old Democratic party to that extent. The call, however, has been issued by Gov. Crittenden, and the legislature will meet on the 19th of April; so that very soon the Republican organs will discover the Post-Dispatch discrediting its own prediction—of course. The P.-D. don't predict "for keeps"—that is, hardly ever; and particularly as regards the Democratic party, it always works gigantically to defeat the fulfillment of its own prophecies!

Let the Republicans howl. Let them "make Rome howl." 'Tis music to our ears. The legislature is called to gerrymander to State! Aren't it too utterly awful!—Jefferson City Tribune.

George Robertson, Esq., one of the leading attorneys of Mexico, was in this city Wednesday, and favored our den with a call. He was here on legal business.—Paris Mercury.

The Columbia Statesman says: Hon. J. S. Rollins is the largest tax-payer (\$1,234) in Boone county. James T. McBlaine is next, \$1,106.

CHARGE OF THE HEAVY BRIGADE.

TEXAS'S LATEST POEM.

(Bakalava, October 25, 1884.)

The charge of the gallant Three Hundred, the Heavy Brigade!

Down the hill, down the hill, thousands of Russians, thousands of horsemen down the valley—and stayed.

For Scarlett and Scarlett's Three Hundred were riding by.

When the points of the Russian lances broke in on the sky;

And he called, "Left wheel into line," and they wheeled and obeyed.

Then he looked at the host that had halted, he knew not why.

And he turned half round, and he bade his trumpet sound

To the charge!

Up the hill, up the hill, followed the Heavy Brigade.

The trumpet, the charge, the charge, and the might of the light.

Down the hill, down the hill, thousands of Russians, drew to the valley, and halted at last on the heights.

With a shout pushed out to the left and a wing to the right.

Through the great gray slope of them, and he whistled his horse, he held his own.

And the three hundred, and he nearest him followed with force.

Wedged themselves in between horse and horse.

Fought for their lives in the narrow gap they had made.

Four and thousands; and up the hill, up the hill, up the hill, followed the Heavy Brigade.

Galloped the gallant Three Hundred, the Heavy Brigade.

Fell like a cannon shot.

Burst like a thunder-bolt.

Crashed like a hurricane.

Struck through the mass from below, drove through the midst of them, plunged up and down and free.

Boys, the gallant Three Hundred, the Heavy Brigade, flung themselves in between horse and horse.

When our own good red coats sank from sight, the depths of blood in each gray rank.

And we turned to each other muttering, all dismayed:

"Lost are the gallant Three Hundred, the Heavy Brigade!"

But they rode, like victors and lords, through the forests of lances and spears.

In the heart of the Russian borders, they rode, or they stood at bay.

Struck through the mass from below, drove through the midst of them, plunged up and down and free.

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THE FATAL SISTERS.

A Strange Story of a Voodoo Curse.

From the San Francisco Examiner.

I was a reporter on the New Orleans Picayune when the story of this romantic affair was first brought to my notice. I will now relate it very briefly:

THE DE COUCY FAMILY

is an ancient one, and is universally known to all old residents of Louisiana. It was one of the wealthiest and most influential before the war. De Coucy was the owner of the famous Magnolia Plantation, as well as two other almost as notable and expensive plantations in the Opelousas Parish. This affluent Creole, while young and wild and sowing his wild oats, took for his mistress the favorite grandchild of Marie Laveau, the famous Voodoo Queen, who died in Louisiana about two years ago. In her rage and indignation the Voodoo Queen uttered a terrible curse, and at the annual Voodoo orgies and incantations held by the negroes on the banks of Lake Ponchartrain with the solemn rites and diabolical ceremony, recorded the anathemas against the white master De Coucy. He was cursed in true Voodoo fashion. He was to have no male heirs, and his race would surely end with his daughters. Of course, the curse of the old negro was laughed at and ridiculed, but it became a familiar household story among the first families on the Gulf coast. De Coucy married and had three daughters, who were afterward known as the fatal sisters. The last of these ladies died here in San Francisco, under an assumed name, early last month, as the following brief announcement in the New Orleans Picayune of February 16 indicates: "Died, in San Francisco, February 3, Madame Jean Marie Bienvenu, the last of the fatal sisters."

"But why are they termed the fatal sisters?"

That I am about to explain. At the beginning of the war De Coucy owned three of the largest sugar plantations in Louisiana. His three daughters, Louise, Celeste and Jean, were the belles of Mobile and New Orleans, and held undisputed sway over the hearts of many of the gallant and lordly young planters of the delta. On the death of their father, who left his three daughters immense wealth in real estate, money and slaves, these three daughters became the rage, so to speak, of the Gulf coast society. Possessing unbounded wealth, ravishingly beautiful, accomplished and gay, these three girls reigned like a trio of queens among the bon ton of New Orleans and Mobile. Unrestrained and wild, these three Southern beauties enjoyed a license that would be denied girls of today. They were free and bright, and the world to them was a garden of pleasure, through which they wandered, plucking the brightest of flowers at will. The strange fatality which had already carried off their father, hung unseen over the lives of these three innocent Creole girls. The Voodoo Queen's curse was almost forgotten when Louise, the eldest, married Dr. Hunt, of Alabama. While the honeymoon was still bright, her husband, excited by jealousy at a ball in Mobile, challenged a gentleman who had been one of her old suitors. The duel came off and Dr. Hunt was killed. This was tragedy number two. The year following this tragic episode the second daughter, Celeste De Coucy, was married to John Forsythe, Jr., son of the noted journalist and editor of the Mobile Register. This marriage proved to be even more unfortunate than that of the eldest sister. Young Forsythe was proud, brave and rather exacting. His wife, on the other hand, was a born coquette. She was gay, beautiful and careless of public criticism. What caused the proud young lady for the world's sake? She defied public scandal, and notwithstanding the protestations of her husband, continued to furnish food for scandal. In his grief and desperation, Col. Forsythe, Jr., committed suicide in Mobile. His father, in the grief and bitterness of a father bereft of a favorite son, headed his editorial in the Mobile Register with the significant but bitter title, "Killed by His Wife," and denounced the fashionable sirens through whose influence two men had gone to untimely graves. In this article the elder Forsythe predicted the same fatal destiny for the third sister. I was an eye witness to the tragedy which consummated the fearful curse of the Voodoo Queen. I heard the challenge, saw the duel and remember well the details of the sanguinary affair which led to the flight of the third of the "fatal sisters" to San Francisco. The fairest of the three sisters was Jean Marie, the youngest of them all. She was one of those fascinating brunettes so aptly described by Byron. At last she surrendered to the wooing of a rich young Creole of New Orleans named Edouard Bienvenu, who led the last of this fatal trio to the hyemal altar. Like her sisters, she cared nothing for what Mrs. Grundy might say, and after marriage with

THE GIRL THAT PROVIDENCE SENT.

It was when we were living at the Virginia Three Forks, and good help was as scarce as hen's teeth, that father came walking in one day with a small, neat, gray-eyed woman, and a large bundle in tow.

"Where did you find her?" asked mother, dropping the ladle with which she was basting a savory goose, and preparing to resign that branch of the household work instanter.

"Providence sent her," answered father, with a sigh of relief—he had been girl-hunting for a month. "She looks strong and tidy and has an honest expression."

"Humph," said mother shortly, "where's her certificate, or don't girls from celestial intelligence offices need any? Have you a character?" she asked, turning to the girl.

"I had one, ma'am," she answered respectfully, "but the nice ate it; I will soon have another—try me, ma'am, just try me."

"